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◀ STANZA AND SEQUEL. ▶

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











# STANZA AND SEQUEL

AND

## OTHER POEMS.

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BY

AELLA GREENE,

AUTHOR OF

*"Rhymes of Yankee Land," and "Into the Sunshine."*



PUBLISHED IN 1884.

*Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page:*  
H. H. H. H. H.  
H. H. H. H. H.  
H. H. H. H. H.

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HOLYOKE, MASS.

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## WORDS THAT WERE MEANT.

---

REV. A. C. SEWALL, Williamstown, Mass. :

*Dear Sir* :—If any should ask, you may inform them that you have not been consulted in reference to my alluding, thus publicly, to your words of cordial appreciation of my rhythmic work, words that came independent of the commendations of President Hopkins, Henry W. Longfellow and Josiah Gilbert Holland, and before that other seer and saint, John Greenleaf Whittier, and the present Irving of our country, Mr. Warner, had, unapprised of the opinions of others, honored specimens that work with their “well done.” Your words and theirs, with more that followed from yourself and others, still glow with the lustre of that gem-like sincerity which leads to the belief that you and they intended even the high praise those words express, and aids the determination to despise flatteries and endure the harshness and prosiness of the Gradgrinds of earth!

Congratulating you on living in a town blessed with the personal presence of the majestic Hopkins and fragrant with the memories of the school-days of his illustrious disciple, James A. Garfield, and wishing you success in the work of your sacred calling, I am, with grateful acknowledgments to those whose hearty recognitions have cheered me,

Always Yours Truly,

AELLA GREENE.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., November, 1883.

The originals of but few of the characters in "Rhymes of Yankee Land," Mr. Greene's first book, have been ascertained; but it is thought, that, in penning the stanzas in reference to the enterprise of New Englanders at the West, the writer must have had in mind the career, then just beginning, of Hon. Francis E. Warren of Wyoming, one of the most enterprising young men Berkshire county, Mass., ever sent to the outer world.—

*Bellows Falls (Vt.) Times.*

IN REMEMBRANCE OF

FRIENDS AT METAWAMPE

AND OTHERS ELSEWHERE,

THIS VOLUME

IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



## ARGUMENT.

---

At the opening of the poem appear two *dramatis personæ*, the poets Horatius and Ethelbert, the former a distinguished son of song and the other his friend who bravely endures the defeat of his ambitions in literature and his "fate unkind" in an affair of the heart. "Responsive to the summons" of Ethelbert, Horatius visits him at his place of summer sojourn, in the vicinity of the Housatonic river, in Berkshire, and, to cheer him in his griefs, compliments him for his heroism in bearing them, discourses to him of the singing of the brooks, with which that lovely region is charmingly resonant, and

"When rivulets with singing,  
Have cheered Ethelbert's heart,"

takes him, in imagination, from Berkshire to the Connecticut valley and the landscapes "which Metawampe guards," and in which is laid the scene of a story that is recited by Horatius, with the hope that it prove ominous of a bright future for Ethelbert. The narrative brings to date the eventful career of the hero and heroine, Leon and Lillian, who that very day have embarked for foreign lands. They however, unexpectedly, appear on the scene, and following the presentation of Ethelbert to the newly arrived, there is "revealing on revealing," and Horatius, the glad beholder of the early fulfill-



## ARGUMENT.

ment of his own prophecies, in the unexpected meeting of Ethelbert and his long lost friend Estelle, soon joyfully announces to Ethelbert still another discovery, in which the latter finds that a forgotten act of his has become, under Providence, and through the faithfulness of the heroine Lillian in "following her intuitions" and "making real the ideal," the source of all his joy; and in this discovery the reader learns the reason for the name of the poem. Then follows an allusion to a feast to be prepared by Lillian, at the suggestion of Leon, "to mark events resulting from sentiments," and the poem concludes with Leon's suggesting the fitness of the nearing October for the wedding of the reunited lovers, and his invitation to them to accompany Lillian and himself as they shall go, in that month,

"To thread the glens of Scotland  
And climb the Alpine hight;  
And linger in the castles  
That rose by feudal might."

## PROEM.

---

If, sore discouraged and distressed,  
With sorrows and with cares oppressed,  
And sins confessed, and unconfessed,  
And every ill,

The heart were struggling for relief,  
And found no succor from its grief,  
In buoyant trust, and bright belief,—  
How sad the earth !

But rules reverse of these obtain,  
Nor mortal suffered yet in vain,  
A trivial, nor the largest pain,  
Nor ever will.

So let the troubled take new heart,  
Learn well of suffering the art,  
Nor shun a share a generous part  
In life's good griefs !

The saddest his of all estates,  
And slave is he to dreadest fates,  
And farthest he from heavenly gates,  
Whom doubt doth rule !

But, sad one, if thou triest to trust,  
In spite of all earth's dark and dust,—  
Though midst them living, as thou must,—  
Thou liv'st above,—

Then fiends that strive shall strive in vain  
Control of thy good soul to gain,  
And Hope, true angel, for thee deign  
Her constant aid.

For none hath God the tender care  
He ever shows for those who bear  
Of life's worst woes abundant share,  
Enduring well.

Enduring gives the power t'endure,  
With skill to make life's troubles fewer.  
And suffering makes the sufferer pure,—  
So welcome ill.

Bright after clouds there comes the sun,  
And sweetest rest when work is done,  
True peace is but by warring won,—  
True wealth by toil !

How blessed is the bright belief,  
That joy which cometh after grief,  
Is sweetest joy, and is not brief,  
Like other joys !

Inspiring, grand and true the thought,  
That bliss by bitter trials bought,  
Is nearer unto heaven than aught  
On earth beside !

## STANZA AND SEQUEL.

*Horatius.*

COMPANION of my boyhood  
And friend of all my years,  
Sublimely well enduring  
Woes all too deep for tears;  
Responsive to your summons,  
I come to share your grief,  
To rhyme in reminiscence  
And sing a bright belief;  
Predicting you soon finding  
The dawn succeed the night,  
If thorns, likewise the roses,  
And after wrong the right!

Away from scenes of traffic,  
Away from business cares,  
In which you toil so bravely  
To kill the grief that wears,  
Only to find, in toiling,  
The work of no avail;

You come to ask of nature  
A balm that will not fail.  
Among the Berkshire mountains  
Where nature does its best  
To aid the tired and grieving  
With satisfying rest,

You come, my loved Ethelbert,  
Sighing at every breath,  
Yet glowing with high purpose  
To battle to the death  
The griefs so fiercely gnawing  
The heart of one as brave  
As he, all uncomplaining,  
Imperiled land to save,  
Who risks amid red carnage,  
With willingness, his life,  
And joys to be called worthy  
To perish in the strife.

This excellence of patience  
Is foretaste, in the grief,  
Prophetic of fruition,

Quick after the belief,  
That, tribulation suffered,  
With bravery and love,  
And faith that says the Father  
Sends trials from above,  
Grief's fiends shall flee, and angels  
Unlock the gates of light  
And usher in the morning,  
To follow sorrow's night.

Ethelbert, near these mountains  
'The hamlet of your birth,  
That seemed to you, in childhood,  
The loveliest spot of earth;  
Where all the days of winter  
Were happy days for you,  
However wild the drifting  
Of snowy storms that blew;  
And happy was the spring-time,  
And days of summer bloom  
Poured joys until for others  
Your heart had not the room.

When fiercest heat was over,  
And on the pasture hill  
The steers, rid of their tackle,  
Were left to feed at will;  
And orchards bent with pippins  
Around a buckwheat field  
That gave a fragrant promise  
Of an abundant yield,  
Delightful then your dreaming,  
As August waned away,  
When seemed the hours half summer,  
And autumn, still, the day.

Then mornings all, and sunsets,  
To you were choicest gold,  
And days with joys were brimming  
As full as days could hold.  
Ah! sweet and fairy valley!  
Where birds and purling streams,  
Cascades and hill-side forests,  
Excelled your brightest dreams;  
Where poet might sing sweetest,



With scene above the psalm  
Affording hearts the saddest  
Sufficing rest and balm.

And, still, to you, 'tis fiction  
To name the hamlet blest,  
Though there began your being,  
And there your kindred rest;  
And there your days were halcyon  
With skies of peaceful hue,  
And seemed the good translated  
No happier than you!  
For there, a little later,  
The sadness must begin,  
The sweet of life turn bitter,  
Its melody be din;

And all its pleasant castles  
Be crumbled into dust;  
And this, because they doubted  
Who should have given trust.  
Ah well do I remember,

You had a darkened sky;  
My angel of good blessing,  
Appeared to pass you by.  
The wreck of your ambitions  
It needeth not to tell;  
For all the doleful story  
Your sad heart knows too well.

*Ethelbert.*

Those words "*because they doubted*  
*Who should have given trust!*"  
O doubt, that quenches morning!  
O doubt, to gold the rust!  
Was ever soul in sadness  
But through another's doubt?  
Was ever soul defeated,  
Suspicion caused the rout!

*Horatius.*

Not winning in your wooing  
Nor famous for your pen,

You still kept faith in heaven,  
    Though losing faith in men ;  
And still lived ever noble,  
    Or was it day, or dark,  
Your god appeased or frowning,  
    A raven or a lark,  
Your bird ; and now, slow starving  
    For joys of love, yet strong ;  
Sad, almost unto dying,  
    Yet, patient under wrong !

*Ethelbert.*

Fit praises thine for heroes ;  
    Too high for men like me,  
My heart must still accept them  
    For their sincerity.  
And thanking thee for giving  
    The trust I needed long  
From others than Horatius,  
    I ask of him a song ;  
His own sweet, soul-felt, singing,

To keep the hope alive,  
Which he, in tune with nature,  
Has made again revive.

*Horatius.*

The sweetest songsters carol,  
Among these Berkshire hills,  
In harmony with music  
Arising from the rills  
That flow with silvery murmur,  
In melody along,  
And charm as if in heaven  
They learned the art of song,  
And were by Him empowered  
Who formed the starry spheres  
And guides their rhythmic motion  
Through all the circling years.

Bright brooks! they came from heaven,  
To teach the tuneful art,  
And woo men from their sorrows

And from their cares apart;  
To teach them high behavior,  
And gentle ways and true,  
Inspiring them with courage  
To fight life's battles through;  
The while, through all the harshness  
That gives to earth its ban,  
They live attuned for living  
Where harmony began.

There other brooks, in chorus  
With other birds, shall sing,  
To tell the power and goodness  
Of the Eternal King;  
And welcome home the singers  
From dissonance of time  
To melodies of heaven  
And zephyrs of the clime,  
Where, with the golden city,  
Shall be the pleasant field;  
The tree of life forever  
Its healthful fruitage yield;

The hillside and the forest,  
And rocky glen, be there,  
And highest angel escort  
Delight to give their care  
To those who come to study,  
In leisure of that land,  
The features of the country  
Which sin has never banned.  
May one among the number  
Be you who love the rills  
That carol like the songsters  
Among these restful hills.

When rivulets with singing  
Have cheered Ethelbert's heart  
May angel guide attend him,  
That, when he hence depart,  
He journey to the eastward,  
To hills that poet sung  
The grandeur of whose numbers  
Honors our English tongue.  
Inhaling rarest zephyrs

To make the spirit strong;  
With feet in tune with cadence  
Of Bryant's noble song,

Which thou shalt hear repeated  
By tuneful brooks and birds,  
As if the bard walked with thee,  
To speak his own grand words,  
Ascend the heights o'erlooking  
The homes of Cummington,  
Ensconced below the hill-side  
Where Bryant's life begun.  
When thou hast done due worship  
Ascend still other height,  
And vale of rarest beauty  
Shall meet thy raptured sight!

There sweet a shining river  
Flows singing to the sea,  
And purls with charming cadence  
Where smiling landscapes be,  
Gemmed bright with pleasant mansions,



In form and look that seem  
The counterpart of castles  
That fill youth's brightest dream.  
There, sentineled by mountains,  
The vale its verdure spreads,  
When, cheering after winter,  
The May sun radiance sheds ;

And orange, flame and crimson,  
And wealth of dun and gold  
The hardy mountain beeches  
And valley maples hold,  
When frost and autumn sunshine  
Their chemistry have done,  
In glorious competition  
Of work the spring begun ;  
And there, within that valley,  
In other days, a scene  
That fills with choicest fragrance  
The years that intervene.

That lovely scene shall ever  
The river, glade, and glen

Invest with charms of romance,  
And witness unto men  
The bravery of a maiden,  
Who so could say "forgive,"  
That one whom she deserted  
Bade the repentant live,  
And be his inspiration,  
A consort and a mate ;  
A token that kind heaven  
Would help him conquer fate.

And ne'er did lordly courtier,  
The bravest and the best,  
On love's ennobling errand,  
From royal halls, in quest  
Of one to match the visions  
With which the gods inspire,  
Who with celestial courage  
The manly bosom fire,  
To do the grandest wooing,  
Find such transcendent worth  
As crowns the name of Lillian  
The brightest of the earth!

Thy loveliness, sweet valley,  
Which Metawampe guards,  
Hath now especial meaning  
Above the song of bards.  
Dear vale! whose faithful maiden  
Rebelled against her kin,  
Until they bade him welcome  
Who sought her heart to win  
That maiden's ways heroic  
Have made the sunrise shore  
Of thy majestic river  
Inspiring evermore ;

The fairy-land where angels  
Attend when lovers wait  
And aid the thoughts surpassing  
All else however great ;  
While happy faces, mirrored,  
Reflect the thoughts of love  
Aglow upon the features  
Of each glad face, above  
The kindly waters, reading,

In limpid river blue,  
That each heart loves the other,  
And will for life be true.

Land of the sweet romances!  
Therein, the legends say,  
Bright ministrants of heaven,  
On silver nights of May,  
Expectant in an arbor,  
Wait with the words that save  
From cowardice the lover  
And make the maiden brave;  
And when the pledge is spoken  
To crown love's high emprise,  
They soar from Metawampe,  
To tell the waiting skies!

In honor of the maiden  
Who, quenching one heart's hell,  
For two hearts made earth, heaven,  
The scene he bids me tell  
I sing, to cheer Ethelbert,

To whom a fate unkind,  
Anent the noble passion;  
And if Ethelbert find  
The scene at Metawampe  
To him good omen brings,  
Thrice happy his companion  
Of Metawampe sings :

---

While cheering light  
Of morning bright  
O'er eastern height is glowing,

And choicest flowers  
In any bowers  
Or any landscape growing,

Their sweets exhale,  
To fill the gale  
Soft on the valley blowing,

Thou sweetest bird  
Mine ears have heard,  
Whose liquid music, flowing,

Hath magic charms  
To still alarms,  
The sweetest peace bestowing,

On fleetest wing  
Fly thou, and sing,  
To cheer a brave heart bearing

A load of grief  
Beyond belief,  
Beyond an angel's daring;

Though worn and faint,  
Giving no plaint,  
But brave on life's road faring;

Through griefs, discreet,  
With spirit sweet,  
Well worth an angel's sharing.

Sing, bird of cheer!  
So he shall hear  
Above earth's loudest blaring;

And sing again  
To cheer him, when  
Noon's fervid heats are burning;

Assure him well  
That thou wilt tell,  
Ere next the noon's returning,

In thy best tune,  
That some sweet boon  
Shall soothe the plaintive yearning

Of his sad heart,  
As he, the art  
Of grand endurance learning,

Seeks only joy  
Which doth not cloy,  
All vain enjoyment spurning.



Then, sweetest bird  
Mine ears have heard,  
When sunset's wealth is streaming,

In western skies,  
To glad the eyes  
And set the spirit dreaming

Of Ind of old  
Or towers of gold  
With heavenly splendors beaming,

Sing once again,  
And tell him when,  
Thy pledge in truth redeeming,

Thou bringest joy,  
It shall not cloy  
Nor be less than its seeming!

---

The world to bless  
With his success,  
By grand impulses driven,

Leon to art  
His head and heart,  
Through toilsome years, had given;

To win a name  
And merit fame,  
Most manfully had striven;

Not thought of ease,  
Nor wish to please,  
From purpose firm unnerving;

And painted well  
Both flood and fell,  
A high reward deserving.

But Fashion bold,  
By threats and gold,  
The coward critics swerving,

They named him cheap,  
And much and deep  
They planned to shame and grieve him.

And Fashion's queen,  
High in her spleen,  
Induced that one to leave him

Who vowed, by skies  
And stars, to prize  
And never to deceive him.

For fiat dread  
By Fashion said  
Receives a quick obeying,

Though Fashion ask  
Laborious task,  
Or even ask the slaying

Of sweetest dove  
The God of love  
E'er sent to earth, conveying

A message down,  
With joy to crown  
Two hearts their pledges saying.

To whim accursed,  
By mother nursed,  
Who hoped her Lillian mating

With one of fame  
Who had, with name,  
The wealth for finest fêting;

The wealth to blaze  
Through golden days  
To her own fullest sating,—

To whim accursed  
By mother nursed  
Who managed the alliance,

Fair Lillian said  
She would not wed  
But disregard affiance,

From Leon turn,  
Who soon would learn,  
Her own act scarce regretting,

In other face  
His hope to trace,  
His first love soon forgetting.

This noble girl,  
For Fashion's whirl  
By mother false intended,

In traits and lore  
Resembled more  
The father long ascended.

And when she died  
Who thus belied,  
The motherless, though weeping,

Found still a voice  
That could rejoice  
In freedom from that keeping.

Love's longing then,  
And inner ken  
Was quickened to discerning

What great mistake  
The heart must make  
When from its true mate turning.

Her guardian kin  
Vowed it "high sin  
That Lillian should love him.

"Wretch, who pretends!  
For we, her friends,  
Are socially above him!"

Grew Lillian brave;  
No longer slave  
To Fashion's bold commanding,

She valued worth  
More than high birth  
And more than social standing.

One saddened year  
She rambled here,  
And homeward when returning

She dared to say,  
"Their cruel sway  
Henceforward firmly spurning,

"Some day I'll wed  
Him whom I said,  
In answer to his pleading,

"From me should go.  
Ah day of woe!  
When I, in that false leading

"Subservient kept,  
As Leon wept,  
Could crush his heart to bleeding!"

---

The morn returns  
And kindly burns,  
Its silver splendors playing

On eastern hills,  
Whence happy rills,  
The river's call obeying,

Flowed singing sweet,  
In vale to greet,  
When first the murk was graying,

One breaking rest,  
To come in quest,  
Ere children came for Maying,

Of choicest flowers,  
In field and bowers  
So sweet that angels straying

To earth, to ken  
The ways of men,  
Therein protract their staying.

The bloom to get,  
And hoping, yet,  
Angels, this morning, tarry,



She comes to pray  
They right words say,  
That she the words may carry.

When she shall go,  
E're noontide glow,  
To cheer a heart so chary

She must be brave  
Who thinks to save,  
And gentle as a fairy,

With right address,  
Who seeks to bless  
The one from griefs so wary

He would suspect,  
In friend direct,  
A foe, and quickly parry

Faith's very deed  
His heart should need  
To lift him from his grieving

At words she sent  
And would repent,  
With tears and full retrieving.

Thus she relates;  
In arbor waits  
Angelic one, receiving,

Through perfumed air,  
Her earnest prayer,  
And then, a message leaving,

Toward the skies  
Doth grandly rise,  
His way with bright wing cleaving.

The angel flown;  
And when alone,  
The flowers with laurel twining,

Their truth to tell,  
Doth Lillian dwell  
Glad on his words, designing

Those words to heed,  
When she shall read,  
Their truth in full divining.

And, dulcet one,  
At yester sun,  
Whom I heard joyful flinging

Thy carols high,  
From earth to sky,  
As welcome message bringing,

Fly speeding back  
Thine azure track  
To him whose grief is clinging,

A bird austere,  
Raven of fear,—  
But it shall flee thy singing.

Bird of sweet song,  
Fly swift along,  
And fly with bravest winging

Of bird whose word  
Might be inferred  
Would set these bright hours ringing!

As breaks the day,  
Bird, speed away,  
And herald her whose cheering

His heart shall reach,  
And winsome teach,  
And aid to cease his fearing.

Now to his eyes  
What glad surprise!  
Is angel form appearing?

Doth most it seem  
Or true or dream?  
A maiden bravely nearing!

And her whose doubt  
Had cast him out,  
What time the critics, sneering,

Increased the need  
Of kindly deed  
And brave words, and endearing!

And doth she bow?  
Denouement now!  
Though tremulous with feeling

She hath no song,  
Till for her wrong,  
Her sad heart full revealing,

Before the man  
Whom she gave ban,  
She bows in humblest kneeling,

Pouring her tears,  
Pale with her fears  
And most sincerely praying:

“For wrong to thee  
Wilt pardon me,  
Who merit but thy saying

"I haste away?  
If that thou say,  
Mine be the sad obeying."

And Leon, now:  
"That some should vow  
And plot their worst to hurt me,

"It was not strange;  
But that thou change  
And cruelly desert me,—

"The cup of woe!  
It saddened so  
As almost to convert me

"From buoyant mind,  
To faith inclined,  
To doubt's extremest madness;

"That who decreed  
My art should lead  
To grandest heights of gladness

“Thy happy heart,  
Should act the part  
To fill my heart with sadness,—

“Ah! bitter fate!  
Most sad estate!  
But I have seen thy sorrow.

“Thou askest me  
To pardon thee,  
Nor future moments borrow;

“But sayest condign,  
If I incline  
To wait till some to-morrow.

“The time is now  
While thou dost bow;  
And here, this hand extending,

“I bid thee rise  
And see the skies  
Benign above us bending.

“Their peaceful blue,  
With golden hue  
Of early sunbeams blending,

“And pleasant breeze  
In budding trees  
Yon happy hills adorning;

“And waterfall,  
And bird, and all  
The melody of morning,

“Bid thy hope live,  
When thou dost give  
Thy worship for thy scorning!”

Brave in her tears,  
Brave through her fears,  
And brave when came his blessing;

Before him brave  
Who pardon gave  
Full as her grand confessing,



Doth Lillian true  
Give honor due,  
Brave Leon thus addressing:

“Thou truest man  
Since time began,  
And truest of the living,

“My joy how great,  
When fit thy hate,  
I have thy full forgiving!”

No need to dwell  
And frigid tell  
Of every day he missed her,

Since morning gray  
Of that sad day,  
The last day that he kissed her.

One word to say,  
Her bravest way  
With love his spirit fring.

That one word "Come!"  
With him at home,  
This is her song inspiring;

"Supremest bliss!  
From thee a kiss—  
Thy love with my relenting!

"Safe in thy arms,  
Thy soul's high charms  
To pay for my repenting!

"Wilt thou my lead  
Across the mead,  
To bower yon pleasant glade in,

"That I may tell,  
In that dear dell,  
The message first essayed in

"The charming place  
"Where heaven gave grace,  
When earnest I had prayed in

“The happy bower  
Of winged power,  
The bower the angel stayed in

“Who spoke the words  
That sing like birds,  
To cheer the heart of maiden,

“Who leadeth there,  
With tender care,  
Leon with laurel laden?”

---

For him but shame,  
Whate'er his name,  
Whose dark soul must discover

A snake beneath  
The maiden's wreath  
Wherewith she crowns her lover!

Her tender talk  
On that sweet walk  
O'er which the angels hover,

Words from a heart  
From sin apart  
As white-robed hosts above her,—

Who evil sees  
In joys like these,  
And pours his righteous spurning,—

Who thinks a knave,  
Or foolish slave,  
The suitor patient learning

Love's art, which few  
Give study due,  
And laughs at love's deep yearning,—

Count him near hell,  
Where'er he dwell,  
A hell within him burning!

The sweetest word  
Earth ever heard,  
How some delight to sneer it!

Sweet word of love!  
From joys above  
The angels come to hear it!

And poise in air,  
With choicest care,  
To hear the song, as near it

As doth behoove  
Those come to prove  
When others' vows endear it,

And heavenly grace  
Illumes the face  
As love from grief doth clear it,

And throbs the heart  
As love's quick art  
Rids of the doubts that sear it!

How grand the truth,  
Love giveth youth  
To him who knows its meaning!

To him the sands  
Of desert lands,  
With flowers and grasses greening,

Are fresh with gales  
In which joy sails  
Have happiest careening

On sparkling springs,  
O'er which bright wings,  
In happy host convening,

Pour gladdest song  
The hours along,  
Their music grandly swelling,

Minstrelsy sweet,  
For heaven meet,  
As birds a bliss were telling

Above the worth  
Of joys of earth,  
Their song the thought compelling,

Each songster's ear  
Did anthem hear  
Of those in Eden dwelling!

*Ethelbert.*

Exquisite song, Horatius,  
Of joys I have not known;  
The music of thy numbers  
The sadness shall atone,  
Or lessen it, and aid me  
To wish, for others, bliss;  
And if it make unselfish,  
High worth in song like this.

*Horatius.*

Though none have heard  
What angel word,  
By Lillian's lips repeated,

To Leon gave  
Power to be brave,  
Nor saw the kisses meted

That told their love,  
Thou bird above  
The bower where they are seated

Dost sing to tell  
How fit and well,  
At Metawampe, greeted

The fair and strong;  
And 'twas thy song  
That aided Leon's wooing,

And taught that best  
Is bravest quest  
In any kind of suing.

Soar not away,  
But longer stay,  
Thou bird of bravest winging;



With roundelay  
Still cheer the day,  
Thou bird of sweetest singing.

Thy gentle eyes  
Are fit to prize  
The sacred ties  
Declared by their caresses,—

Him wreath-entwined;  
Her head reclined,  
As heaven designed,  
Upon the heart she blesses;

She gazing sweet  
To eyes that greet  
The orbs they meet  
With richest lustre, beaming

From eyes of dove,  
To speak his love  
For her, above  
All others, lovely seeming

To him addressed,  
By her he blessed,  
"As, noblest, best,  
Beyond her fancy's dreaming!"

---

My friend, 'tis worst  
That ever burst  
From lips accursed!  
The lie by cowards stammered;  
By fools, who prate,  
Love is a fate  
To enervate.  
The man with soul enamored  
Of soul worth, and attracting,  
By his majestic acting  
And equipoise,  
One who employs  
The high decoys  
Of maiden's choice designing,  
Whose soul, his worth divining,  
Attracts his soul, for twining  
Love's tendrils strong,—

To him belong,  
Above my song,  
Congratulations grandest.  
And thou who understandest  
Such joys, by not possessing  
The unspeakable blessing  
Of love's returned caressing;  
Ethelbert, tell  
Me thou wilt well,  
Until life's close,  
Endure thy woes!  
That other ban  
Of mortal man,  
That fate the worst  
That ever cursed  
For cowardice in suing,  
For treachery in wooing,  
For any wrongful doing;  
Or came to heart despairing  
Of ever rightly pairing,  
And wedding, so, uncaring;  
That fate he wins  
Whose heart begins

The married life unmated—  
That thou art not thus fated,  
Thou art congratulated.  
Of all woes this life giveth,  
His worst who wedded liveth  
With one his worth unknowing,  
Whose soul, nor grand nor growing,  
Pretends, as such will, ever,  
Each manliest, best endeavor  
To think and live sublimely  
A rash act and untimely,  
The proof of cheap vanity,  
Or sign of insanity!  
Truth all too little rated,  
'Tis hell to wed unmated!  
But blest the man  
Whom Lillian,  
By angel plan,  
Shall save from ban.

*Ethelbert.*

Thou speakest well, Horatius;  
Wilt thou thy theme pursue?

And with the heavens to favor,  
Thy comrade will live true.

*Horatius.*

With gentle hand,  
In fairy-land,  
To thoughts sublime she led him;

With grandest views,  
And nectar dews,  
And heavenly fruitage, fed him;

From field and sky  
And mountain high  
Inspiring lessons read him;

With tender art,  
From her true heart,  
A sincere promise said him;

Naming a day,  
A month away,  
A happy day to wed him—

A day that came  
With sweetest flame  
The Orient ever lighted,

To signalize  
The golden ties  
Of loving hearts united;

Day sweet with airs  
That banished cares  
And to high thoughts incited;

Day spanned with blue,  
The whole day through,  
As if all wrongs were righted,

And sang the lark  
Till all birds dark  
Had flown from earth affrighted!

At morning hour,  
In Lillian's bower,  
With chosen friends attending,

Two clasping hands,  
To speak the bands  
Their lives in union blending!

While hovering nigh,  
From amber sky,  
Are angel harpers waiting,

With high delight  
In holy rite  
In which two hearts are mating.

The service done,  
The surpliced one  
In fitting words addressed them;

Calm in his bliss  
Leon gave kiss,  
And kith and kindred blessed them;

While brooks kept tune  
With birds of June,  
Mid apple blossoms seated,

And birds from perch  
Of beech and birch  
The lovely Lillian greeted,

And rose acclaim  
To Leon's name,  
At Metawampe meted,

By every voice  
That could rejoice;  
And flowers the choicest growing,

The twain to greet,  
Sent odors sweet  
By every zephyr blowing.

*Ethelbert.*

Ennobling, still, the anguish  
That must be mine when told,  
Wherein, for me were ashes,  
Others found shining gold.



*Horatius.*

Twelve months, the morn  
A child is born,  
The gods to earth consigning

A lovely boy,  
Sweet pledge of joy,  
'The graces well combining

Of him who heard  
The singing bird,  
And her love's wreath entwining.

Benign their sky,  
As years go by,  
Each marked with heaven's blessing,

And dawns the day,  
Sweet in the May,  
When angels come confessing,

To parents blessed  
With baby guest,  
That angel, in caressing

Her cherry lips,  
The nectar sips  
Finer than that provided,

From sweetest flowers  
Of heaven's bowers,  
For gods when they decided

The questions great  
In human fate,  
By Jove to them confided.

---

Their love kept new,  
For each soul grew,  
And each the other aided

Right things to know,  
To help each grow,  
And love's rose never faded.

Each soul, each hour,  
Increased in power,  
Each by the other's doing,

And each by own  
In grace was grown;  
Their love each day renewing,

Because, each day,  
Each soul could say,  
My soul's mate still is growing,

My soul to prove  
With noblest love,  
Affection worth bestowing.

*Ethelbert.*

What words are thine, Horatius:

*"Their love kept new,  
For each soul grew,  
And each the other aided*

*"Right things to know,  
To help each grow,  
And love's rose never faded!"*

*Horatius.*

Their honeymoon  
Did not end soon,—  
In truth it never ended.

By Lillian traced  
With finest taste,  
In love's own picture blended,

As Leon's due,  
Her soul's rich hue,  
To bless the man she mated;

To whom there came  
Abundant fame,  
And he, as artist fêted,

Still painted well \*  
Both flood and fell,  
Nor heeded critics serving

Their lavish praise ;  
Their proffered bays,  
Nor aiding nor unnerving,

Reminded yet  
Of venom'd threat,  
The fullest scorn deserving.

Their biting sneers  
Of other years,  
With present praise, neglecting,

With verve and heart  
He plied his art ;  
Some heavenly guide directing

His paintings made  
Of highest grade ;  
And for the full perfecting

Of noblest one  
His hand begun,  
He came, the canvas bringing,

From distant town ;  
And where came down  
The angel, and the singing

Of sweetest bird  
He ever heard,  
To aid him, still seemed ringing

From every bird  
That now he heard  
Their happy carols flinging,

Made it complete,  
In arbor sweet,  
Where pleasant sunbeams strayed in,

And glinted round  
The grassy ground  
Of bower two children played in:

While happy there,  
In sweet May air,  
The mother, erst the maiden,

Recalled the day  
She came to pray  
In bower the angels stayed in.

Then choicest flowers  
From field and bowers,  
The advent there divining,

Fair maidens bring,  
And sweetly sing,  
On Lillian's brow entwining

Arbutus bloom  
With rare perfume,  
The best of heaven's designing.

Sweet breath of praise  
To God for rays  
From solar fountain shining!

Yet speaks it more  
Of scene of yore  
Whose influence, refining,

Shall teach to know  
High meanings glow  
On shore and shining river ;

Shall teach to read  
That wave and mead  
Reflect the Heavenly Giver,

Whose lovely earth  
Hath greater worth  
Than that it seems possessing ;

A hidden good,  
Well understood  
By thoughtful minds, and blessing

Who would discern,  
With power to learn,  
The truths their souls addressing

In all things made,  
Of every grade ;  
From spray of tiny fountain



To surging sea;  
From wind-swayed tree  
To storm-defying mountain!

*Ethelbert.*

The truth in thy sweet singing  
I love to hear thee tell.  
The present of thy heroes?  
Thou must have known them well.

*Horatius.*

A year to stray,  
Embark to-day  
The two so nobly mated.

Kind be the gale  
That fills the sail  
Of ship so grandly freighted.

Zephyr that fanned  
The fairy-land  
Where Leon won his blessing;

Benignant breeze,  
Seek thou the seas,  
The good ship caressing

That it behave  
Faithfully brave,  
The roughest waves defeating;

Avoiding rocks,  
And through the shocks  
Of storms in safety fleeting.

And breeze the best  
That ever blest  
A wanderer returning,

In safety waft  
Whatever craft  
Keeps time with Leon's yearning

To see once more  
His native shore  
And hear the carols ringing

Of sweeter bird  
Than all he heard  
In foreign countries singing !

---

*Ethelbert.*

Delightful and inspiring,  
Shall linger with me long  
The scene at Metawampe,  
Depicted in your song ;  
A solace and a study,  
And influence as well,  
To keep the feet from straying  
And to right acts impel ;  
Significant and lovely  
As beams of morning are ;  
An oasis in life's desert ;  
In darkest night, a star,  
  
To guide and cheer Ethelbert,  
Who speaks his thanks to thee.  
And that the scene you sung him  
An omen prove to be,

There dawns a hope within him ;  
Though he cannot behold  
The good, the skies, to honor  
The story thou hast told,  
Will send, to prove the saying,  
*“The dawn succeeds the night,  
If thorns, likewise the roses,  
And after wrong the right !”*

*Horatius.*

Your thankfulness is cheering ;  
And 'tis high joy to sing,  
The more, if unto others,  
The song a solace bring.  
The sentiment pervading  
The Metawampe theme,  
To some, would seem a vision,  
And idle as a dream ;  
Yet I delight to keep it  
To cheer me, and inspire ;  
To give my inner being  
Its light, and food, and fire !  
[Horatius and Ethelbert rising and looking across the  
landscape, the former resumes speaking.]

But who are those equestrians  
Who sweep along the plain,  
In easy undulation,  
Like billows of the main?  
One seems a kingly escort,  
And queenly one who rides;  
I wonder what, Ethelbert,  
Their coursing there betides!  
Ethelbert, they approach us!  
Can I believe my eyes?  
My heroes gone to Europe,  
Give us a fine surprise.  
[The equestrians approach and dismount.]

*Horatius.*

Ethelbert; Leon, Lillian.

*Lillian, sotto voce.*

Ethelbert! that the name?

*Horatius.*

I thought you o'er the ocean;  
But, glad to see you here,

I ask you, know my welcome  
Is hearty and sincere?

*Leon.*

Our European ramble,  
Postponed until the sun  
His grand autumnal solstice  
In triumph has begun,  
We came, of course, to Berkshire,  
To spend the summer days,  
And study much on horseback,  
Or coach along the ways.  
An hour ago we neared you,  
Within this lovely grove;  
A moment heard you singing,  
And toward yon mountain drove.

*Horatius.*

May I inquire the meaning  
Of Lillian's knowing look;  
Why of the name Ethelbert  
She special notice took?

*Leon.*

Well mayst thou ask, Horatius;  
And strange as romance seems  
Our meeting here in Berkshire,—  
Dramatic as our dreams!  
And Lillian could tell thee,  
'Though modest of her deeds,  
Why, in this unplanned meeting,  
Her eye such meaning reads.

*Lillian.*

The heavenly light from God's high throne  
Will answer all true praying,  
And tell us when, and with what care,  
The needed good conveying,

We go with ever ready hand;  
And if at once obeying  
The inner voice, we save from sin  
Who else had gone far straying,

Our act shall bring us grandest joy,  
Above all song or story;

And better fame than heroes win  
On fields of martial glory!

One morn I sought for special aid  
And heavenly direction,  
If spoiler try his power to wreak,  
That I give prompt protection.

That day I met one lured astray,  
Who seemed by hope forsaken;  
Yet firm against the tempter's wiles,  
With not a stray step taken.

God helped me say, "My friend, let not  
Thy heart's pure blossom perish!"  
And memories of that hour until  
Life's latest day I'll cherish;

So bright its lustre glows at thought  
That faithfully I heeded  
The voice that heaven gave within,  
And spoke the message needed.



A quick, glad cry, she seized my hand,  
And then, o'ercome, she fainted.  
The tempter fled; and then her voice,—  
“A maiden still untainted

“Thanks her who saved from lasting shame  
The one who here confesses  
Her greatest fault, remembered long,  
Of scorning his addresses,

“Who thought her more than all caressed  
By all the airs of morning;  
Then proudly she his suit denied,  
And greeted with cool scorning,

“His humble prayer, that such as he,  
When weary years of waiting  
Had proven him, might then renew  
His suit, with hope of mating.

“Tears of remorse these torrid years,  
And then so near descending  
The slimy depths where woman weeps  
In shame that has no ending!

“Oh, thou, the best of womankind,  
May woman worst present thee  
Her trembling thanks, and ask thee lift  
To Heaven, that must have sent thee,

“These tear-burned eyes—to God’s clear blue,  
In praise for fate averted?  
But may I hope? will God forgive  
Her sin who thus deserted

“The noblest one since time began,  
And gave the coolest spurning  
To his sweet words, that sang like larks,  
And now, to ravens turning,

“With fiery beaks, in fiercest ire,  
Are in my spirit burning?  
What sequel sad of broken vows  
This desert heart is learning!”

And gazing sad, with tear-dimmed ken,  
On portrait held above her,  
She said, “I print one burning kiss,—  
Ah, my deserted lover!

“My wrong to him has brought the grief  
Of which Ethelbert warned me!  
If still on earth, wilt thou forgive,  
Ethelbert, her who scorned thee?”

[Ethelbert, who has listened with riveted attention, sinks,  
overcome with emotion.]

Estelle!—Horatius, hither!  
Is this some fleeting dream?

*Lillian, softly.*

He speaks her name; how strange all this!  
'Tis God's own wisdom orders;  
And we of earth seem coming near  
To heaven's very borders.

Still lives Estelle, and he forgives  
For all those years of sorrow;  
A thrilling scene perchance there'll be,  
When Orient brings the morrow;

Or we may hear, to-day, the vow  
Among the Berkshire mountains,

Excelling song of bards and birds  
And sweeter than the fountains!

[Horatius, taking Ethelbert's hand.]

Companion of my boyhood!

*Ethelbert, rising.*

Tell me, before high heaven,  
If still on earth there lives  
The one of whom brave Lillian  
Her glowing picture gives;  
And, if she live, speak gently,  
That still remains on earth,  
Ethelbert, still her lover,  
To whom as nothing worth  
Seems all the happy summer,  
Nor aught the joyous spring,  
Which doth not to Ethelbert  
Her radiant presence bring.

*Lillian.*

Her home with us, her grief she tells  
To none but those who love her;

In word and deed she lives discreet  
As God's own sky above her.

She came with us, but keeps her name  
From all in Berkshire dwelling;  
With thee restored, she may forgive  
What I, to thee, am telling!

[Addressing Leon.]

Is that her voice? my Leon bring  
Thy lens, that thou descry her;  
For oft she strolls alone and sings,  
Where no one can espy her.

Leon thy steed, and mine for her,  
Thou who wast ever knightly,  
Will act with care, and gently tell  
The grand denouement rightly.

*Ethelbert,*

[As Horatius and Estelle approach.]

My own Estelle, forever!  
Ye birds your noblest song;

And sweetest brooks of Berkshire,  
The joyous strain prolong!

*Estelle.*

Ethelbert !!

*Ethelbert.*

Estelle !!

[After the greeting of the reunited lovers, Ethelbert addresses  
Horatius.]

Horatius, thy prediction,  
    *"The dawn succeeds the night!*  
*If thorns, likewise the roses,*  
    *And after wrong the right!"*

*Horatius.*

I cannot sing, Ethelbert,  
    As high as you deserve,  
Who, through the fiercest trials,  
    Displayed such royal nerve;  
And, in these sudden blisses,  
    Manly thine uncontrol;

While, through your features shining,  
The lustre of your soul,  
Wins all my admiration,  
My highest fancy fills,  
And charms more than the music  
Arising from the rills,

Among the Berkshire mountains  
That murmur sweet along,  
And sing as if in heaven  
They learned the art of song,  
And were by Him commissioned  
Who made for service high,  
And perfected in singing,  
The minstrels of the sky;  
By Him who spoke to being,  
Sweeter to sing than rills,  
My friend who loves to hear them,  
Among these Berkshire hills.

Each one the other loving  
With fervency of heart,  
Each glowed to find the other

Rapt o'er the rhythmic art;  
But when we came to try it,  
You sang so much the best,  
I thought it would be fitting  
That my poor harp should rest.  
And yet my verse found favor,  
And yours was scornful thrown,  
As stuff for which no merit  
Could afterward atone!

Sadly you tore the parchment,  
When here the hills among,  
To leave no proof to mortals  
That you had ever sung.

[Lillian, motioning Horatius aside, speaks to him; after  
which he returns and addresses Ethelbert.]

Revealing on revealing!  
Excelling all our song,  
And Lillian has told me,  
As he is brave and strong,  
That I inform my comrade,  
Above the angel's word,



A maiden in an arbor  
At Metawampe heard—  
Was sentiment of stanza,  
Upon a torn page read,  
Discovered when she rambled,  
Where intuition led,

From Metawampe, hither,  
Among the Berkshire hills;  
And here she found the singing  
Which all this romance fills,  
With most inspiring sweetness.  
And here how grandly fit  
That she repeat the stanza,  
In your own tracing writ.  
She bade me give the paper  
To him who wrote the verse;  
And now we ask that Lillian  
The lucid lines rehearse.

*Lillian.*

*“Reduce to fact your fancy;  
Nor tarry till you do*

*Make real the ideal  
That God has given you."*

*Horatius.*

How strange the revelation!  
What mortal would have kenned  
Such wealth of good resulting  
From verse by mortal penned?  
An artist's fame and fortune,  
Domestic bliss complete,—  
Two lives of highest beauty  
With usefulness replete!  
And here, perchance, Ethelbert  
Will other lines rehearse,  
To match those loved by Lillian,  
As beautiful and terse.

*Ethelbert.*

Most real the ideal,  
Least fact what most call fact;  
And, of ideal, most real,  
Ideal in an act.

[Solicited by Lillian, Ethelbert continues.]

When some kind voice tells thee plainly  
Of new building for thine hand;  
And thou findest hindrance mainly  
In the strangeness of command

Calling thee from routine labor  
In the wonted, humble, sphere,  
And thou fear'st from foe or neighbor  
An unkind or jealous sneer;

Do not for such hindrance smother  
That sweet voice that speaks within;  
Thou mayst find the foe turn brother,  
If thou manfully begin,

And continue bravely doing,  
Work the angel bids thee do;  
And, each day the work renewing,  
Thou shalt find it ever new.

It shall charm like high romances,  
Gemming legends of old days;

And, beyond thy farthest fancies,  
O'er wide plains, by untrod ways,

Paths unknown to other leaders,  
Angel guide shall lead thee surè,  
For the gold and goodly cedars  
Which shall evermore endure,

In the towers of consummation  
That shall mark thy work complete,  
And attest the world's laudation  
Which thy shrinking ears shall greet.

Fear not but for all these praises  
That Good Power shall well prepare,  
Who hath life in all its phases  
Under His benignant care;

For, by thorns and frequent crosses,  
Which thy heart shall fully test,  
Sad reverses and sore losses,  
If His wisdom thinketh best;

To true meekness He will hold thee,  
Still commanding thee, be brave,  
And obey injunctions told thee  
By the angel that He gave.

And this angel shall sustain thee,  
Be the work or long or hard;  
And the future shall explain thee,  
All that did thy work retard

Was designed to bid thee stronger  
Make the building of thine hand,  
Which, than time's duration longer,  
Through eternity, shall stand.

---

Follow thine intuitions,  
They always lead thee right;  
In all of thine ambitions,  
Heed thou the inner sight.

Whatever to that vision  
Seems duty for thee, do;

No matter what derision  
The doing leads thee through.

And derision it will bring thee,  
Ere men shall understand,  
And their tardy praises sing thee  
Whom they had gladly banned;

They who would joy to shame thee  
And chill thy heart with fright,  
Did not thy grit proclaim thee  
Superior to their might.

Brave one, thine intuitions  
Shall always lead thee right;  
In all of thine ambitions  
Heed thou the inner sight!

Directed by that vision  
Thy duty bravely do;  
The glow from thy decision  
Shall light and lead thee through.

Whatever the monitions  
Thou hear'st within thee, heed;  
That thou to have contritions  
May never know the need.

The Father is forgiving,  
If thou repentest sin;  
Yet most He loves that living  
Which hath no falseness in.

---

Wanting fulcrum, wanting lever,  
Given heavy weight to lift;  
Strong in faith, begin endeavor,  
There shall come to thee, the gift

Of a heaven-designed appliance,  
By which thou shalt mountains move;  
While beside thee, in alliance,  
There shall angels wait to prove,

On more hindrances before thee,  
All their own celestial might;

And shall beam, benignant o'er thee,  
God's own sky of love and light!

---

*Leon.*

Be these bright words our motto;  
And now, if Lillian please,  
To mark events resulting  
From sentiments like these;  
Will she, where lovely maples  
Delight our lodge with shade,  
Prepare a feast as royal  
As one for sovereigns made?  
For wine thou hast no liking,—  
And who would wish for wine,  
What other drink were given,  
If poured by hand of thine?

And, at that feast, Horatius,  
Perchance, will give a song,  
Announcing in sweet numbers  
That Love enduring long



The trials of his patience,  
Doth added bliss receive  
For every cold refusal  
That made his spirit grieve,—  
A song to date a wedding  
When fine October sun  
Shall speak the season fitting  
That lovers be made one.

And if at Metawampe  
Our friends shall wish to wed,  
Will Lillian deck the arbor  
Where intuition led  
When erst she sought an angel,  
And where his hope begun,  
Who, but for her relenting,  
Had ever been undone?  
Thou, Lillian, my consort,  
Though years have made me gray,  
And thou hast locks of silver,  
Thou art, as on that day,

My joy, my inspiration ;  
As beautiful as beams  
That gild the hours of morning  
Or sparkle in our dreams ;  
As young as at that meeting  
When thou didst say, "forgive ;"  
And I, for thy relenting,  
Could bid thy hope relive ;  
The hour when smiling heaven  
Gave token in thy kiss,  
Initial fit, and foretaste,  
Of these bright years of bliss !

And with the words uniting  
Their hearts in golden bands,  
Shall they, as our companions,  
Embark for foreign lands ;  
To thread the glens of Scotland,  
And climb the Alpine height ;  
To linger in the castles  
That rose by feudal might ;

To pluck delicious clusters  
From vine-clad hills of France;  
And muse where classic ages  
The interest enhance

In Italy's rich landscape,  
And her delightful skies;  
And then, returning hither,  
Find much to love and prize  
In this good land, where nature  
And liberty unite,  
To furnish those devoted  
To freedom and the right  
Fit home, with room for growing  
In all that makes men great,  
And elevates a people,  
And unifies a state.

[Lillian and Ethelbert depart on horseback to the lodge, and Leon  
addresses Estelle, who tarries with Horatius.]

Truth worth the telling, such as poet true  
Doth sing, is only found by patient search  
In realm beyond the bounds of earthliness,

Accessible to him alone, whose heart,  
Of selfishness divest, and well refined,  
Can be that brave it must, to study close  
As will to him reveal truth's treasures, hid  
Therein, and evermore, to selfish ones,  
E'en were they, unregenerate, permit  
That realm to range. Fell foe is selfishness,  
To bard, permitting him no bravery  
To journey to that realm he seeks afar,  
And quenching insight clear that sees the truth;  
And that dread enemy, once slain,  
Often revives again to vex; and he  
With grandest powers of song, may have within  
An equal enemy, and know it not.  
How happy he, if faithful friend shall see,  
And of that foe, to his convincing, tell.  
And fortunate, beyond compare, to him,  
If woman is that friend, whose love for him,  
Enlightens her to see how strong that foe,  
And aids her in the discipline upon  
His heart which shall the enemy expel;  
And aids that, then, with tears sincere, she beg  
To bow before the man she loves; and he,

Protesting 'tis high privilege to him  
That she beside him sit, shall gratefully  
Admit he is her debtor evermore,  
For discipline severe which all his worst  
Self conquered, that his best might live and sing !  
Estelle, possessor of that poet's heart  
And soul, whose coinage and whose breathing was  
The sentiment, in living which high truth  
Did Lillian all doubt and selfishness  
Expel my heart ; inspire with bravery,  
And teach me patience with myself, that sought,  
In practice of his art, the tracery to do  
The artist's work, that gave my heart its joy  
And brought me all my wealth of fame and friends !—  
Thou, wise and good, what words of mine, to thee  
Shall tell the deep solicitude that thou,  
By love assigned to keep his heart, and thence  
To drive his enemy, that thou shalt see  
This work is thine to do ! What words shall tell  
The joy that springs from full belief that thou  
Wilt thus interpret meaning grand of these  
Events, and well thy work will comprehend ;  
And for that mission high, Ethelbert wed !

*Estelle.*

Thou speakest, Leon, as from heaven, the words  
That I shall prize, and evermore shall heed !  
Shed, sweetest skies, your loveliness divine,  
To temper well this heart ! and Spirit, Thou,  
In Heaven, regnant high, yet noting all  
Thy children's cries ; to me all meekness give,  
And courage, that I well endure upon  
My bleeding heart, the blows thou biddest that  
My hand inflict, a better, truer man  
To make that one I love as life itself !

*Leon.*

Right nobly done, thy sentiment ! and now  
The language, high, thy lover penned long years  
Ago, and words my heart in faith adopts :

*“Reduce to fact your fancy ;  
Nor tarry till you do  
Make real the ideal  
That God has given you.”*

And thus, Ethelbert, blessed, refined, inspired  
By thee, and growing by his work, shall learn,

And all who shall his song admire will read,  
In their own bettered lives his song has blessed,—  
Still further sequel, grand, of truth he sung  
In verse the critics, cursing, thought to kill!

[Leon and Horatius start for the lodge, leaving Estelle to  
follow with Ethelbert who has returned and  
addresses her]

Estelle, thy steed awaits thee,  
Eager to own thy rein  
And amble, at thy bidding,  
Like zephyr o'er the plain;  
Beyond the Housatonic,  
To glens among the hills,  
Where sparkle silver cascades  
And sing the happy rills,  
And where the lodge of Leon  
Affords an ample view  
Of scene, where, now, two lovers  
Pray heaven to keep them true!

[Estelle, with Ethelbert as escort, leaves the grove.]





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MISCELLANEOUS.

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“WHERE THE NOBLE HAVE THEIR COUNTRY.”

ABOVE the grandeur of sunsets  
Which delight this earthly clime,  
And the brightest of the dawns  
Breaking o'er the hills of time,  
Is the richness of the radiance  
Of the land beyond the sun,  
Where the noble have their country  
When the work of life is done ;

With the deep, mysterious problem  
Of their earthly life made plain ;  
All the bitter turned to sweetness,  
All the losses turned to gain ;  
And the new life's heavenly rapture  
Far exceeding griefs of this ;  
Earth's hard toiling all forgotten  
In the restfulness of bliss !

And the music of their welcome,  
From angelic lyres of gold,  
Shall full often be repeated,  
Yet it never shall grow old ;  
Music grander than earth's noblest,  
Than all eloquence of words,  
And the sweetest of carols  
Of the gladdest of the birds !

---

"BRIGHT ON YOUR NATIVE HILLS."

BRIGHT on your native hills  
The sun benignant beams,  
Perennial down the pleasant slopes  
Still sing the happy streams,  
Which feed yon river's tide that flows  
In beauty through the vale ;  
Transparent, purling brooks  
Which sing of springs that never fail ;  
And grand the mountains stand, as erst,

When there your kindred dwelt,  
And fresh the mountain winds as airs  
Their fields and forests felt.

And ye remain to keep their homes,  
And guard the noble name  
Earned by their share of those grand deeds  
That give New England fame.  
Shines their example, still, as bright  
As beams the golden sun;  
Flows still their influence as pure  
As mountain waters run.  
So cherish ye the fame they gained,  
And emulate their worth,  
Your names, when ye are gone, shall live,  
Perennial in the earth!

“SHE PLACED THE BITTER-SWEET.”

(In remembrance of a noble family.)

TO girlhood's home returning,  
She placed the bitter-sweet  
Within the grand old mansion,  
Where sunbeams shadows meet;

And there declared: “Henceforward  
Be kindness all my theme;  
With constant hand dispensing,  
The moments to redeem;

“Teaching, if I have suffered,  
I would the world be blest;  
Praying, if I have struggled,  
The weary have good rest.

“I thank Thee, Heavenly Father—  
My name Thou hast kept sweet,  
And through these bitter trials,  
Hast kept my ways discreet.”

The silver tresses mingling  
Her raven locks among  
Mean more than years; they index  
Her heart's own sorrows wrung;

Of which, most like, she tells not,  
So reticent of grief;  
As most like she hath suffered  
Too deeply for belief.

Beyond that first revealing  
She speaks not of her lot;  
Hoping her many sorrows  
By earth be all forgot!

To girlhood's home returning,  
She placed the bitter-sweet  
Within the grand old mansion,  
Where sunbeams' shadows meet!

ALWAYS WITH THEE.

IN sunny days of childhood playing,  
When life was all one scene of Maying,  
And thou hadst not a thought of staying,  
God blessed thee then.

Forgiving all thy youthful sinning,  
He helped thee to a manly winning  
Good triumphs o'er a bad beginning,  
And helps thee still,

That, in the strife which ceaseth never,  
Demanding watch and warring ever,  
Thou do, by manliest endeavor,  
The victor be.



## THROUGH GRIEF.

O GIVEN by fiends the gall to drink,  
And sweeter grown for all they send;  
A kind and watchful Providence  
Will soon proclaim the ordeal's end;  
Yet call thee not from earth above,  
But ask thee, wearied one, take rest;  
And that thy restless eyes may close,  
Command that, from the roseate west,  
Angels reposeful influence sweet  
Pour forth, to give thy spirit calm,  
And others send, on zephyrs borne,  
To soothe thy troubled heart with balm.

Angelic ones shall sentinel  
Thy rest, and fragrance waft, till day,  
Shall brightly break and bid thee, glad,  
Thy grateful orisons to pay;  
Refreshed, inhale the ambrosial air  
And walk beneath a happy sky,

Inspired, by carol of the birds  
And songs of brooks that murmur by,  
With faith that heaven will bless thy days,  
Each westering sun bring peaceful sleep,  
And every morn new evidence  
That angels tender watch-care keep!

Heroic sufferer, who hast borne  
The burden of a broken heart,  
Patiently, artlessly, and yet  
With all the dignity of art,  
While so intent to bless the world  
None knew what woes thine own heart had—  
Deep, bitter griefs, which, told above,  
Would make the heavenly singers sad,—  
Soon shalt thou learn the gracious truth,  
Through griefs and cares which here annoy,  
Heaven builds the path by which thy feet  
Shall reach the highest hills of joy!

“TOO MANY HEARTS ARE SAD TO-NIGHT.”

TOO many hearts are sad, to-night,  
I may not dance to music light,  
They're sad from hunger and from pain,  
And sad from sin's polluting stain.  
Low down in cellars, up the stairs,  
Where freely pass the winter airs;  
'Neath wretched shed, and in the street,  
Where pelt the piercing storms of sleet,  
Are pallid cheeks, and sunken eyes,  
And forms that never more may rise.  
Too many hearts are sad to-night,  
I cannot dance to music light.  
But some will wake, if moved aright,  
To noble purpose and brave deed,  
And nobly with their duty speed,  
Achieving full, complete success,  
While all the world, admiring, bless.  
All this, if now, right words I say,

While you with like companions gay,  
In dizzy waltzing whirl away!  
Too many hearts are sad to-night;  
I will not dance to music light!

---

## BLESSINGS FOR THE HELPFUL.

GOOD friend, if every one observed  
The mandate to be kind,  
If all were courteous as thyself,  
And helpfully inclined,  
How bright a scene this earth would be,  
How light life's burdens prove;  
How blithe, along life's rugged road,  
Would pilgrims singing move!

Sweet resonance of sparkling streams  
Would bless life's desert drear;  
And birds would sing, and flowers and fruit  
With fragrance fill the air!

There is no overestimate  
Of kindness to our kind,  
And brightest stars will bless the man  
To helpful ways inclined!

---

## THE FORTY-SECOND.

WHEN, erst, the nation was besieged  
By armed rebellious foemen,  
And peace had fled, and skies were dark  
With every direful omen;  
And Lincoln, from the capitol,  
For aid so wistful beckoned,  
Not least among the men to march  
The Bay state's Forty-second!

Now that the din of war is done,  
And glad the war cloud's risen,  
They come with thought of camp and field,  
And of the rebel prison!

They gather here for hearty words,  
In kindly interest spoken,  
To make the bands of friendship strong,  
That never may be broken!

Should Treason arm again her hosts,  
To fill the land with trouble,  
Her deepest schemes of ill would prove  
An evanescent bubble;  
For those brave men would rise again  
And march, with others like them,  
To capture all the rebel guns,  
And evermore to spike them.

And, wishing you much earthly joy,  
And entrance late to heaven,  
I speak this sincere offering,  
In rhythmic numbers given,  
By one who deems it pleasant fame  
That he is welcome reckoned,  
A member, in good standing, with  
The Bay state's Forty-second!

## THE CRITICS.

THE wicked wish some critics have,  
And knack, and greed, to kill,  
May pass quite readily for taste,  
And evidence of skill ;

But were there none to write a verse,  
Or paragraph of prose,  
How critics, then, would pass their time,  
Is more than mortal knows.

They might ascend the upper spheres,  
To criticise the stars,  
And teach good manners and good sense  
To Jupiter and Mars ;

Then clip away old Saturn's rings  
And set him bounds to run ;  
Or venture near the solar fires,  
To regulate the sun !

And should these critics go to Heaven  
Their joy would be to tell  
How saints might tune their harps correct  
And sing hosannas well!

---

## THE RETORT.

THESE lines to tell thee bards  
Who sing for all the listening land,  
And sages wise and famed, had named  
Felicitous and grand  
The verse on which thou didst  
Invoke an ignominious fate,  
And, with high scornful wrath, declare  
Unworthy of thy hate!

Then thou, with thy gray eyes  
Quick twinkling in their greedy glee,  
And rubbing thy cold palms, didst look,  
Expectant long, to see



Before thee, suppliant still,  
Thy victim bow in further prayer,  
And then his trembling form begin  
Dissolving into air!

Instead, at equipoise,  
He gazed, awhile, in high delight  
On thy hard face, then left thee there,  
All powerless in thy might!  
Although thou gav'st him joy,  
He does not thank thee for the bliss;  
That verse, to thee, seemed lacking fire;  
Grim critic, say, does this?

---

## REMINISCENCES.

ESQUIRE SMITH AND OTHERS.

WE count above our common good,  
Selectest of our joys,  
Remembrances in those dear days  
When you and I were boys,

And when, perfumed with clover bloom,  
Our early moments ran,  
And happy in the songs of birds  
We journeyed up to man.

What other cure the world prescribes,  
By far the safest, best,  
Is glancing at our early days,  
Is retrospect and rest.

From cares and crowds of urban life,  
From traffic of the town;  
From wearying toil in dust and din,  
From griefs that weigh you down;

From present ill, and future dread,  
And all that fetters thee,  
Come to the country and the past,  
Be innocent and free.

Review the scenes of early days  
With fondness and with care,

The neighborhood once all your world,  
And every object there :

The pansied yard, the slant well-sweep,  
And apple orchard near ;  
The ancient farm-house, broad and red,  
By many memories dear ;

The hay-field and the pasture wide,  
The fences by the lane ;  
The thick-leaved maples where you hid  
When pattered down the rain ;

The road where erst the stage-coach ran,  
Which joyed you as it passed,  
The high coach set on thoroughbrace,  
And built to have it last ;

The mountain road-way, steep and rough,  
On which you trudged to school,  
To "make' your manners" and to learn  
Hard Colburn's sum and rule ;

The school-house near the beechen grove;  
The neighboring lumber mill;  
The home-made hand-sled, and the joys  
Of coasting down the hill;

The autumn woods and golden maize,  
And old Thanksgiving day;  
The winter wood-pile at the door  
And drifts that choked the way;

Strict Sundays at the hill-top church,  
Staid deacons in their pews,  
The preacher in his lofty place,  
Discoursing gospel news;

And Sunday noons, with sermon done,  
And benediction said,  
When we, in that dear scripture class,  
"The word" together read.

Wise counsel, then, the teacher gave,  
That angel of our youth,

If pointedly, yet tenderly,  
To carry home the truth.

His sympathetic face dispelled  
Our bashfulness and fears,  
Glowed at recital of our joys  
And saddened at our tears;

And fragrant will the memory be  
Of our devoted friend,  
Till that good town and all of earth  
In nothingness shall end!

And one was in that Sunday class  
Who felt a call to preach,  
And proved it true by saving those  
Whom others could not reach.

With men on every hand who wished  
The gospel plan explained,  
He did not tarry long at school,  
Nor wait to be ordained,

But went to work, with earnestness,  
And strove his best to win  
Some trophy for the Lord he loved,  
By leading those from sin

Who near him dwelt, and whom he thought  
In value quite the worth  
Of those who lived across the seas,  
In corners of the earth.

The hamlet school-house where he preached  
To half a hundred men  
Would hardly hold the throngs his words  
Have won to grace since then.

Unlike ambitious pulpiteers  
Who preach and pray for fame,  
He did not seek the praise of men,  
Nor glory when it came ;

But, stronger grown with his success,  
Nor vain amid applause,

He keeps his great and growing powers  
Devoted to his cause.

Another of that Sunday band  
Has lived for self alone,  
And reached, at last, the height, he sought,  
The politician's throne.

---

Ambitious man of place, the years  
Of innocence review,  
And see how far your selfishness,  
From righteous ways and true,

Has led you on, through doubtful schemes  
And crooked paths, to power  
Which founded seems, but which must fail  
When comes the trial hour,

And leave you naught but bitterness  
And keen remorse for ways

At variance with the pleasant scenes  
That gem your early days.

Among the quaint habitues,  
Whose words the hamlet cheered,  
Welcome at huskings and the "bees,"  
The story man appeared.

Glad on their journey to the school,  
The pupils heard him tell  
Of famous men who once were boys  
And learned their lessons well,

And were quite sure to reach at last  
A place at Washington,  
Where many mighty laws were made,  
And other things were done !

Although you little knew or dreamed  
What were the "other things,"  
Have you until to-day remained  
Quite innocent of "rings?"



The other school tasks done, you said  
"Set" answers, that were given,  
Anent some worthies then on earth,  
And others gone to heaven.

With veneration you pronounced  
The ancient Briggs's name,  
But have you copied in your life  
His honest steps to fame?

The shed remains wherein you sawed  
The beech and maple wood,  
Where cart and farming tools were kept,  
And where that grind-stone stood

Which brings to you sad memories  
Of axes hard to grind,  
And, in hot days, the scythe, to try  
The temper of your mind!

Often you vowed, when older grown,  
Machinery should serve

To do the work that over-taxed  
Your adolescent nerve.

But other themes than labor aids  
Have moved your mind since then,  
And you have had your axes ground  
By various sorts of men!

You must recall quaint "Major" Brown,  
Who led a roving life,  
Since, years before, death claimed the girl  
Pledged for the "Major's" wife.

And you remember when they laid  
This "Major" Brown to rest,  
That reverent, near the open grave,  
The neighbors kindly pressed;

While all the failings of his life,  
In pity, were forgot,  
And all his worth was magnified,  
With worth that he had not!

Although, to-day, you feel above  
Such broken men of grief,  
So "great" they ought to prize the pence  
You dole for their relief;

When, at the coming call of death,  
You journey out of town!  
Will people think as well of you  
As erst of "Major" Brown?

Ambitious man of place, the scenes  
Of innocence review,  
And once again return to walk  
In righteous ways and true.

---

This selfish one let us dismiss,  
He cannot flourish long;  
And we can find more fitting theme  
To chronicle in song,

In that delightful scene, when you,  
At spring-time, on the hill,  
Entranced to see the liquid wealth  
From maple trees distill,

And, that it might the sweeter grow,  
Sing, o'er the laughing fire,  
A carol sweet as ever breathed  
From angel lip or lyre,

Found finer charm in liquid eyes  
Of two most lovely girls,  
Whose happy smiles and ruddy cheeks,  
And innocence and curls,

Were invitation that you dish  
For them the waxen sweet,  
And in return, for recompense,  
Their lips with kisses greet !

One was a cousin, I believe;  
The other was a friend

Whom afterwards you vowed to love  
Till earthly days should end.

And now the keepsake that she gave  
Is moist with tears you shed,  
To think, before the wedding day  
Your pleasant friend was dead!

---

By road whereon the stages ran,  
Not far away, the place,  
Wherein, of old, as "leading man,"  
With more than usual grace,

There reigned Elnathan Smith, Esquire,  
Who lived, through all his days,  
For morals, manners and attire,  
Deserving sincere praise.

Smith spurned a miser as a thief,  
And acted "on the square;"  
And those not Masons have belief  
That Smith had once "been there."

Attending church in holy time,  
As every body should,  
He "joined" in prayer and Sunday rhyme,  
As pious people would.

Smith kept his temper all the while  
Unmarred by frown or fret,  
And gave a penny and a smile  
To every child he met.

He had good sense and ready wit,  
And kept whate'er he heard  
That was for keeping really fit,  
And always kept his word.

To patriotic teachings true,  
He deemed of highest worth,  
And kept, as most of Smithville do,  
The "great and glorious Fourth."

Smith had a clear, unbiased mind,  
And, such the town's desire,

The governor felt well inclined,  
And made him village squire.

He taught, ten terms, the district school  
In an adjoining place,  
Maintaining there a pleasant rule  
With dignity and grace.

To Washington he never went,  
That town of high import ;  
Yet twice had been as juror sent,  
And once to General Court !

As Smith grew old he walked in town,  
On pleasant afternoons,  
Attired in garb of modest brown,  
And humming cheery tunes.

And, with his full and steady breath,  
And face with health aglow,  
He seemed no older near his death  
Than twenty years ago ;

Yet Mister Smith has gone from earth,  
As every mortal must,  
Of noble or of lowly birth  
Unrighteous they, or just.

His life, in Smithville which began,  
Closed there at eighty-four;  
And Smithville weeps that this good man  
Can be with them no more.

---

Smith's life-long friend was Doctor Bliss,  
Who carried, everywhere,  
A smile, to cheer the sick and drive  
That worst of curses, care.

Bliss loved Squire Smith, and looked like him,  
Clad trim in like attire;  
Near him he lived, and when he died,  
Was buried near the squire.



Another friend of Mister Smith,  
Respected and revered,  
Was William Wilson, learned and wise,  
A teacher born and reared.

The ancient school-house where he taught,  
For twenty years and more,  
Had but three windows on a side,  
And one above the door.

It stood upon the village green,  
Hard by the "Center church;"  
Was well supplied with furniture,  
But unsupplied with birch!

This Wilson had a better way  
To punish recreant boys,  
Who had been lazy at their tasks  
Or making needless noise.

To them more dread than blows the book  
Wherein, with proper grade,

For every wrong a pupil did,  
The fearful check was made!

With patience and with kindly care  
He led his pupils through  
The paths of common learning, till  
They every feature knew.

And oft, perchance, they caught a glimpse  
Of classic grove and field,  
And felt a longing for the fruits  
Those pleasant regions yield.

But Euclid and "the languages,"  
In district schools of yore,  
Were all discarded and forbid,  
As very useless lore.

Since Wilson gave up teaching school,  
Ten years and five have passed;  
But through a century to come  
His influence shall last.

He still resides within the town ;  
And, though three-score and ten,  
The people all declare he is  
The comeliest of men.

---

Not far away from Smith's abode  
The shop of Crispin Crane,  
Who furnished boots for Smithville folk,  
A livelihood to gain.

Not only did he gauge their feet,  
But oft they came to find  
He fully had the power to take  
The measure of their mind!

By timely repartee he stilled  
A most perplexing bore,  
Who perpetrated bitter jokes  
Within the Smithville "store."

•

And Smithville vowed, town meeting day,  
    "Who can this pest defeat,  
We must elect him, here and now,  
    To legislative seat."

Crane proved a wise assembly man,  
    Was hearty with his friends,  
And never made a speech unless  
    To compass worthy ends.

It was this year in politics  
    A party rose and fell,  
Whose bad disaster at their schemes  
    It is a joy to tell.

Late in the term a question rose  
    This party called the test,  
For which their leader spoke at length  
    With artificial zest;

And, in his final flight, declared,  
    " How favored is the land

Where, sentinels of public peace,  
Labor reformers stand!"

"'Labor reformers'," Crispin spoke,  
"That means reformed from work;  
And rightly named, for well you like  
Life's burdens all to shirk.

"Below the wrath of common men;  
Too cheap for ours by half,  
We'll not oppose your plannings, but  
Explode them with a laugh!"

The wit that beamed in Crispin's eyes,  
Put all in merry mood,  
As rang around the galleries  
A soul-refreshing "Good!"

The gavel man forgot to rap,  
Reporters dropped their notes;  
And when some one "the question" called,  
The measure had twelve votes!

And that's the way the party died,  
By this sarcastic Crane ;  
And hence the reason he was sent  
To General Court again.

And still again was Crane returned,  
Until six times in all ;  
Nor by the lures of lobby men  
Did he from honor fall.

Yet Crane does not love politics ;  
And, now, in private life,  
He glories in his leathern art,  
His children and his wife !

---

Let not the bards to whom belong  
High themes and lofty verse  
Despise, as all unworthy song,  
The lives these lines rehearse.

Though each lived in obscurity,  
Yet each was still a man;  
As good on earth we seldom see,  
And better never can!

---

Though Smithville was so blest of heaven,  
To it one tedious thorn was given,  
A full "perfected" man of sin,  
Most surely who the purse could win,  
Did he and Satan run a race  
On any course away from grace!  
Supremely mean in all his deeds,  
His heart as hard as flint; the needs  
Caused by his extortions moved him not;  
The pining poor were all forgot.  
Selfish, of marble face, and stern;  
Full quick to sin, and apt to learn  
The ways of avarice and wrong;  
On primal sin improving long,  
He chose oppression for his art,  
And practiced it with all his heart;

His sinning cloaked with graciousness,  
And cursed when he appeared to bless!  
He so gifted in causing tears  
Had fitting name—Abijah Beers.  
May God protect if here, again,  
So bad a man 'mong living men!  
And there was not, since earth began,  
So much of meanness in a man.  
To find fit place for him to dwell,  
The liberals declared for hell!  
He died at last as fools do die;  
Thistles thrive where his ashes lie!







## WHAT IS SAID.

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OPINIONS OF HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, DR. J. G. HOLLAND, WILL CARLETON, JOHN G. WHITTIER AND OTHER POETS, PRESIDENT HOPKINS, PRESIDENT L. CLARK SEELYE AND OTHER EDUCATORS, JAMES A. GARFIELD AND OTHER SCHOLARS, BISHOP SIMPSON AND OTHER EMINENT DIVINES, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, AND THE PRESS.

Mr. Greene has always a song in his heart and a pleasant word for every body he meets. Poems in this volume which have won words of warm commendation from some of the acknowledged best authors of the day, take their sentiment and coloring from his blameless and busy life. The beautiful blending of the soul and song of the writer is seen in this extract from one of his poems :

Live in the sunshine while you live,  
To all the sad your sunshine give,  
Live in the sunshine while you live.

—*Berkshire Courier.*

Mr. Greene stands, since Dr. Holland's death, without a peer as delineator of New England life and scenery.

—*Berkshire County (Mass.) Eagle.*

Mr. Greene never makes a mistake in the rhythm or music of his verse. "Bright on your native hills" is hearty, breezy and sweet.

—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

May the muse of this poet of our valley long continue to sing.

—*Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette.*

WHAT IS SAID.

Mr. Greene has the poetic soul and uncommon talent for graceful and vigorous verse.

—*North Adams Transcript.*

It is well that, in an imitative age, when every singer has more or less of the mocking bird, Mr. Greene has held fast to his own arrangement of metres and tropes. He has a real poetic vein.

—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

The friends of Mr. Aella Greene of Springfield, Mass., rejoice with him in the well merited encomiums which crown his muse with the fadeless wreath. Two of his happiest productions are characterized by Whittier as possessing "a true feeling of poetry, and much rhythmical felicity." The chair of literature in a Scotch university contributes to his crown of rejoicing, and, mingling with these tenderly treasured encomiums, are the congratulations of governors, statesmen and divines, who refer to them, in so many words, as "above all price."

—*The Household.*

It is pleasant to know that Longfellow received with much cordiality the poet, Mr. Aella Greene, and awarded to some of his later poems a very hearty meed of praise. In reading one of them, Mr. Longfellow said, "That begins well!" then, as he progressed, "That is fine!" His final remark, uttered with an earnestness that betokened his sincerity, was, "That is a good poem?" "And that is good, too," was his equally hearty comment on another. What is particularly noteworthy, Mr. Longfellow expressed his pleasure in writing, and over his own signature—"something," as he told Mr. Greene, "that I rarely do, even for my personal friends." Mr. Greene treasures the great poet's name, as well he may; and it is in "goodlie companie," Whittier, Garfield, Mark Hopkins, Bishop Simpson, and others equally eminent, having likewise given words of the most cordial appreciation of Mr. Greene's poems.

—*New England Homestead.*

WHAT IS SAID.

Mr. Greene's transcripts of country life in New England are even photographically correct.

—*Albany (N. Y.) Evening Times.*

Among the many commendations for Mr. Greene's poems, the following from Will Carleton will have great weight: "There is in Mr. Greene's poems a peculiar sweetness of versification, a quiet and restful philosophy, and a sweet progressive spirit pervading and symmetrizing each effort."

—*Spencer (Mass.) Sun.*

Mr. Greene has a mind which peculiarly combines the practical and ideal in life. His poems have been commended by the most distinguished literary men in the country, including Longfellow, Whittier and Will Carleton.

—*Bellows Falls (Vt.) Times.*

We are glad to know that Mr. Greene of Springfield, Mass., has not dismissed his muse. His poems drive away melancholy and make the heart better. Several of them have received high compliments from such judges as Longfellow, Whittier, J. G. Holland and Will Carleton.

—*Vermont Union.*

Mr. Greene's poems have received many happy words of commendation from authors and critics whose praise is honor.

—*Holyoke Transcript.*

"Bright on your native hills" has the fragrance and the rich beauty of the New England landscape and rivulets of which it tells.

—*Windham County (Vt.) Reformer.*

The poems disclose refinement and poetic gifts which must make the volume a source of delight to the reader.

—*The South.*

More and more the true poetic intuition.

—*Vermont Phoenix.*

## WHAT IS SAID.

"Mr. Greene knows how to dispense with superfluity, and his poems, severely simple and strictly true in thought and utterance, show genius and care, and breathe upon us the pure atmosphere of industrious, cultivated New England."

—*St. Albans (Vt.) Messenger.*

"Mr. Greene has a correct ear for rhythm, a hearty love for poetic truth; and, what is best of all in these days of unfaith, a sweet religious belief underlies and unifies all he writes."

—*New Jersey Coast Pilot.*

Poetic gems.

—*Clinton (Mass.) Courant.*

Prof. J. W. Patterson of New Hampshire, the best literary critic in the Granite State, refers to Mr. Greene's rhythmic work as "real poetry in thought and expression;" and concerning it that scholar statesman, the illustrious JAMES A. GARFIELD, before he ascended "Where the Noble have their Country," made his estimate as "sweet" and "bright," giving the author permission to send these facts to the world coupled with the Garfield name.

"Bright on your native hills" is an inspiration heaven-born and heaven-sent.

—*Rev. J. H. Williams, of Ohio.*

I welcome Mr. Greene's poems, as I do the rays of the sun, for their wholesome sweetness and cheer.

—*Rev. J. F. Gleason, of Connecticut.*

There is that in Mr. Greene's poems which commands the respect of every reader.

—*Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, of New York.*

Revealing uncommon poetic inspiration and expressing the genuine sympathy of the man with what is noble.

—*President L. Clark Seelye.*

## WHAT IS SAID.

True poetic conception and poetic expression of a high order.

—*Rev. Dr. A. C. Osborn.*

His stanzas sing in the memory.

—*Rev. George E. Martin.*

Mr. Greene has a decided poetical gift.

—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

I congratulate Mr. Greene on receiving, from Mr. Whittier and others, commendations that are above all price.

—*Ex-Gov. William Claflin.*

In Mr. Greene's poems soul speaks to soul with music in its speech.

—*Judge William P. Strickland.*

"Bright on your native hills," "Come, Happy Bird," and "Where the Noble have their Country," won my warm approval before they received that of the great bards whose verdict is indisputable. One may rest content when Longfellow, Whittier, and Holland approve, but I am glad to say, Amen. May Mr. Greene's next poem come soon, and may his last be long deferred!

—*Judge W. S. Shurtleff.*

Concerning Mr. Greene's previous venture in verse "Rhymes of Yankee Land," a book noting persons and incidents in the valley threaded by the Connecticut River road and bright with the shining waters of the "sweetest stream that flows," a volume issued in 1872, there were many praiseful words from press and people; and the book ran through several editions, and became known far beyond the New England section of America, whose homes and hills furnished the originals of the characters and scenes. The Providence *Journal* found the work "unique, original and truthful," the Battle Creek (Mich.) *Journal* noted "a rare rhythmical beauty" in the poems, the Berkshire County *Eagle* found "merit of high order" and the Springfield *Republican*, St. Albans (Vt.) *Messenger*, and thirty other journals spoke in the same strain.

















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